Vol. V. Numb. 29.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Sheriffs of London's *Feast. Remarks thereon. The* Rehearsal *Dissected and Convicted of* Lies, Forgeries, *and* Sedition.

From **Saturday** June the 22d, to **Wednesday** June the 26th, 1706.

Obs. HOneſt *Roger*, thou look'ſt Merrily to Day: Haſt pick'd up another *Fighting-Story*?

Country-m. Your Mind runs on nothing but *Fighting-Stories*: Will you never be ſatisfy'd? No, Maſter, I have got no *Fighting-Story*, but I have got a *Feaſting-Story*.

Our *Brave*, *Honeſt*, *Loyal Sheriffs* for the City of *London* and *Middleſex* made the greateſt Feaſt that ever was known; and, beſides the *Loyal Citizens*, there were at it a Power of *Dukes*, *Lords*, and *Courtiers* from 'tother End of the Town; they were as Merry as the Maids, and drank our good *Queens*, and all the *Loyal Healths* they could think of. I proteſt, Maſter, I was as glad of it as if I had been one of the Company, and had ſtuck my Knife up to the Haft in a Sirloin of *Roaſt-Beef* and a *Bag-Pudding*, and had had my Skin full of *October* among 'em.

Obs. This is enough to break the Hearts of the *High-Flyers* and *Jacks* to ſee ſuch a compleat *Harmony* betwixt the *Court* and the *City*, the *Court* and the *Country*; time has been when our *Courtiers* had Places as Bribes to Vote in *Parliament* againſt the *Country's Intereſt*; but now they ſit in the *Houſe of Commons* and Vote there as if they had no Biaſs, as if they had no Intereſt but that of the People; and pray what is the Reaſon of this? Becauſe we are at laſt ſo Happy as to find out, *That the Intereſts of* Queen *and* People *are the ſame*, that by Voting for *One* they Vote for the *Other*.

I have read the Hiſtories of former Ages; the Moils and Turmoils of our Noble Anceſtors; how much they have *done*, and how much they have *ſuffer'd* for *Engliſh Liberty*, againſt the *Invaſions* made by their Kings upon their *Properties*. I have alſo obſerved what has been done in my time, but never did I know or read of ſuch a *Compleat Harmony* betwixt the *Crown* and the *Country*, the want of which was the Misfortune of our Anceſtors, as the Enjoyment of it is now our Happneſs. Our Queen is a *Nurſing Mother*, and we are *Her Dutiful Children*: Her *Rebellious Children*, the *Memorialiſts*, *Tackers*, and *High-Flyers*, are a Poor *Inconſiderable Number*, a *Deminutive Faction*, which melts away in the Sun-ſhine of *Union*.

See the Happy Effects of this good Underſtanding betwixt *Queen* and *People*; ſee the Effects of a *Miniſtry* in the Intereſt of *both!* What a Beautiful Countenance do all our Affairs carry? How much is the *Common Intereſt* of *Europe* improv'd? What *Battles* have we won? What *Lawrels* have we gain'd? How *Victorious* Abroad? How *Eaſie* and *Contented* at Home, ſince the *Pickthanks* and *Make-bates* are diſcharg'd from Power? I pray God continue this Happy *Union*; and long may our *Queen* live, who is the Happy Author of it, to enjoy the Fruits of Her *Pious Labour*, who has huſh'd all our *Inteſtine Storms* into a *Calm*; who has, by Her *Gentle Sway*, and the *Cool Breezes* from the *Throne*, allay'd the *Heats* and *Fury* of the Sons of *Violence*: For this, future Ages will call Her *Bleſſed*, when She is Numbered among the Stars in Glory. Her Happy Subjects now enjoy the Bleſſed Fruits thereof; a Bleſſing that *All* good Men do own, and *None* refuſe to acknowledge but the Sons of *Perdition*, the *Tackers* and *Memorialiſts*, who, like ſo many *Leviathans*, are reſtleſs and uneaſie but when they are ſporting themſelves in the Waters of *Strife*.

Tho' our *Victories* Abroad are exceeding Glorious, and conduce much to the *Common Cauſe*, yet our *Conqueſt* at Home over the *Evil Spirits*, thoſe Fiery Red-Hot *Goblins*, the *Tackers* and *Memorialiſts*, is worth an Hundred *Victories*. And here, I hope, without Offence, I may ſay, Her Majeſty is a Greater General than the Duke of *Marlborough*; She has Conquered the moſt conſiderable Enemy; She has done more by *Union at Home*, than He has done by *War Abroad*; tho' He has done more than any One before him; yet without Her Majeſties Conqueſt, He could not have Conquer'd; God Bleſs 'em *Both*.

Country-m. Amen, ſo be it. I'll tell you what! This *Divine Harmony* betwixt *Queen* and *People*; this *Happy Union* amongſt Her Majeſties *Good Subjects*, is attended with the Peculiar Bleſſing of *God Almighty*, I ſee it plainly, tho' I am a Poor Country Clown. *Bleſſings on the Throne*, and *Bleſſings on the People*. What wonderful Succeſs has attended Her Majeſties Arms Abroad in every Part? *There's the Bleſſing on the Throne*. What a Power of Money did our *Parliament* raiſe laſt Seſſions? How willingly do we Pay it? And what a deal more muſt they raiſe in the next Seſſions? This you'll ſay is no Advantage: But conſider, Maſter, what a Crop there is on the Ground, not known in former Ages, and the wonder of this; the very Earth groans under its Burden of Plenty, *There's the Bleſſings of the People*. We are *able* to Maintain and Support the *Queen* and *Government*, as She is *willing* to Maintain our *Liberties*. *Happy Union! Halcyon Days!*

Obs. Very well, *Country-man*. But how ſhall we lengthen out our Evenings Diſcourſe till Bedtime? We have no Important News.

Country-m. Well enough, Maſter; but in the firſt place let us Drink a Bumper of *October* to the good Health of the *Loyal Sheriffs* of *London*, the Founders of the Feaſt, and to all thoſe *Noble Lords* and *Dukes* that Din'd with 'em.

Obs. I'll willingly Pledge that Health.

Country-m. Now, Maſter, if you pleaſe let us Diſſect Mr. *Rehearſal*.

Obs.

Obſ. To what End and Purpoſe? He's the ſame *Intus* as *Cute*, *Inſide* and *Outſide* alike. Shouldſt thou Bray him in his Friend *Saucy Jack*'s Mortar, he'll come out the ſame *Incorrigible Fool*. He has got *Backers* you ſay; but for all that he is but an *Out-lying Deer*, and may, one time or other, be caught in the *State-Trap*.

Country-m. He's very Angry with you and Mr. *Review*: But he gives Mr. *Review* ſome very fine Words.

Obſ. That may be; I am ſure I never gave him any occaſion to be pleas'd with me, nor ſhall I ever do ſo; and the good Words he gives Mr. *Review* tends much to his *Scandal*; for 'tis no *Reputation* to a Man to have the Opinion of one that is not a Judge of *Common Senſe*. But why does he not anſwer the Queries Mr. *Review* ſent him? That's a *Choak-Pear*, *Country-man*: How his *Iriſh* Stomach Kecks at it?

Country-m. Maſter, he ſays, *That now he has broke your Heart*; for he tells you, *That my Lord* Peterborough *is a* Churchman, *and ſo bred all his Life.*

Obſ. And to break his Heart I can tell him, That my Lord *Peterborough* is no *High-Churchman*; and has hated *Arbitrary Power*, a *French Government*, and *Wooden-Shoes* all his Life, tho' at ſome times it would have been for his Intereſt to have been in Love with them.

Country-m. He ſays, *You are the Earl of* Peterborough's Praiſe Trumpeter; *and that you have* Trumpeted *till your Breath was ſpent for him.*

Obſ. I can tell him more than that; if I had not been confin'd to appear at the *Queens-Bench*, and ſo could not go, I would have fought till my Life had been ſpent for him. Indeed the *Indignities*, the *Affronts*, and *Abuſes* that were caſt on that Noble Lord by the Enemies of our Country, oblig'd me to Vindicate him long before he entered on Action. They endeavoured to *Talk* his Expedition *Abortive*; *Foreboded* his *Miſcarriage*; and *Pray'd* and *Wiſh'd* for his *Misfortune*. Being ſo well acquainted with the *Honour*, *Courage*, *Conduct*, and *Fidelity* of that Noble Peer, I thought it a Tribute due to *Conſummate Vertue*, from my Pen, to Vindicate his *Honour* from the *Aſperſions* of Evil Men, which at the ſame time was a Vindication of Her Majeſties great Wiſdom in the choice of ſo good a *General*: And ſince his Lordſhip has given the whole World ſuch *Eminent Proofs* of his *Courage*, *Conduct*, and *Bravery*, attended with ſuch *Extraordinary Succeſs*, could I forbear launching out into Encomiums on *One* who has ſo Faithfully ſerv'd his *Queen* and *Country*, and gain'd ſuch *Honour* to the *Engliſh Arms* in Kingdoms ſo far diſtant from us? Pray wherein is the harm of all this? Have not I done the ſame by the Duke of *Marlborough*, and others that have Faithfully ſerv'd their *Country*?

Country-m. Maſter, he boaſts mightily that our *Generals* are *Churchmen.*

Obſ. Aye, and ſo do I too; and they are ſuch *Generals*, and ſuch *Churchmen*, as will do the Buſineſs of *Leſley*'s Great Maſter, the *French* King, and of his Little Maſter *Perkin.*

Country-m. He ſays, *All theſe are Church-Victories, by Church-Generals.*

Obſ. I have been, *Roger*, in the Army; I am acquainted with a great many of the Officers; but I proteſt I never heard 'em mention the *Church*, nor did I find 'em trouble their Heads about it. Their's is another ſort of Buſineſs; they were not rais'd for that purpoſe; and yet I believe 'em to be *better Churchmen* than *Leſley*; and that the *Lewdeſt Debauchee* among 'em, may be match'd among the *Tacking Clergy*, thoſe *Profeſs'd Enemies* of the *Queen* and *Country.*

You remember but 'tother Day Mr. *Rehearſal* ſaid what no Body elſe muſt ſay, *That the Church is in Danger*; and threaten'd us what they will do when the *War* is over; and preſently Proclaims all the *Soldiers* to be *Churchmen*, that is, *High-Churchmen*, Enemies to the *Queen* and *Government*; for whenever he mentions the *Church*, he means *High-Church*, and by ſaying our *Soldiers* are *High-Churchmen*, he brands 'em as a Company of *Knaves* and *Cowards*, ſuch as were the *High-Churchmen*, that drew King *Charles* the Firſt into a *High-Church-War*, then Deſerted him, and left him to be *Murder'd* by his Enemies.

Country-m. Aye, Maſter, and he ſays, *That no Soldier Fought in our Army, who had not receiv'd the Holy Sacrament according to the Order of the* Church of England, *as they are oblig'd by* Law.

Obſ. This is a downright *Lye* and *Forgery*, for no *Common Soldier*, or *Private Centinel*, is oblig'd by *Law* to take the Sacrament. 'Tis a ſtrange *Liberty* is allow'd this *Iriſh Prieſt* to *Abuſe* the *Government*, and to *Belye* the *Laws* of the Land.

Country-m. Maſter, he does not mean the ſame *Laws* as you do; by the Statutes of the fourth and fifth of King *Cain*, Cap. 5. it is Expreſs'd, *That no Man ſhall Kill another, not ſo much as his own Brother, without taking the Sacrament according to the Order of the* Church of England.

Obſ. But prithee, Man, where was the Order of the *Church of England* in the Days of King *Cain?*

Country-m. Leſley is not bound to tell you that. And by the ſixth of *Cain* Cap. 20. it is Enacted, *That it ſhall be* Lawful *for the Prieſts to ſlay the Sacrifice, that is, the* Bullocks, Rams, *&c. for the Service of the Altar, without being Proſecuted for* Man-Slaughter.

Obſ. Choice Laws! Rare Statutes! But, *Country-man*, this *Forgery* of a *Law* is in Order to raiſe a *Sedition* among our *Soldiers*; to make 'em dread the fight of their Native Country, when they are liable to be Proſecuted by any Body on the Penalty of a *Law.*

It is deſign'd to *prevent Recruits for the Army*, by laying ſuch dangers before them; and to expoſe the *Engliſh Nation* and the *Government* as *Barbarous*, in ſecuring Perſons in Goal deſign'd for the Service, and not giving them leave to Qualifie themſelves as the *Law* directs.

Country-m. But I can't help Laughing when he tells us, *The* Diſſenters *would have the* Sacramental Teſt *taken away to let them in who could Fight better.* Poor Niſie, the *Diſſenters* don't care to be knock'd on the Head any more than his Worſhip: They can ſtand more ſafely in their *Shops* than in a *Centry-Box*; and the *Churchmen* are much beholding to him, who will ſuffer none but themſelves to be Kill'd in the *War.* Enough of Mr. *Lyar.* Come, Maſter, let us go to Bed with a Health to our Brave *Officers* and *Soldiers.*

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